One of my productions in the provinces was an English version of " Frou-Frou," made for me by my dear friend Mrs. Comyns Carr, who for many years designed the dresses that I wore in different Lyceum plays. " Butterfly," as " Frou-Frou " was called when it was produced in English, went well; indeed, the Scots of Edinburgh received it with overwhelming favour, and it served my purpose at the time, but when I saw Sarah Bernhardt play the part I wondered that I had had the presumption to meddle with it. It was not a case of my having a different view of the character and playing it according to my imagination, as it was, for instance, when Duse played "La Dame aux Camelias," and gave a performance that one could not say was *inferior* to Bernhardt's, although it was so utterly *different** No people in their right senses could have accepted my " Frou-Frou" instead of Sarah's. What I lacked technically in it was *pace.*

Of course, it is partly the language. English cannot he phrased as rapidly as French. But I have heard foreign actors, playing in the English tongue, show us this rapidity, this warmth, this fury—call it what you will —and have just wondered why we are, most of us, so deficient in it.

Fechter had it, so had Edwin Forrest. When strongly moved, their passions and their fervour made them swift. The more Henry Irving felt, the more deliberate he became. I said to him once : " You seem to be hampered in the vehemence of passion." " I aw," he answered. This is what crippled his Othello, and made his scene with Tuhal

in "The Merchant of Venice " the least successful *to him.* What it was to the audience is another matter. But he had to take refuge in speechless rage when he would have liked to pour out his words like a torrent.

In the company which Charles Kelly and I took round the provinces in 1880 were Henry Kemble and Charles